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Voyages and Travels.

From the American Monthly Magazine, Nov.

ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

We reached the "hermitage" in two or three hours. This is the most elevated habitation on the mount, and is occupied by some hardy mountaineers, who furnish refreshments, and provide clothes necessary for the ascent. We were greatly surprised to find some *gens d'armes* quartered here to protect travellers from the banditti; who, it appeared, took some very improper liberties with a party a few days since—making them "minus of the cash they counted," and lightening them of their watches, and sundry other incumbrances calculated to weigh down the body corporate in an ascent requiring so much physical exertion—a very considerate personage is your regular bandit! As we unfortunately came up with said *incumbrances*, and did not wish to call into question the consideration of these gentlemen of the road, we took the escort, and rode, or rather climbed, up the path, and dismounted at the foot of the cone, which towered in threatening majesty over our heads, and seemed to kiss the beautiful sky above.

The scene from this spot was imposingly grand—the streams of lava which coursed down the sides of the mountain—in width about four hundred yards—seemed like molten gold. And when a rock or other obstacle presented itself, it would accumulate in a large mass behind, and roll over it, forming a cascade of indistinguishable beauty—the showers of red-hot stones thrown out of the crater appeared to fall from the very heavens like shooting stars—and the dark rolling cloud that canopied the whole, fringed as its folds were with the golden light from the crater, produced the sublimest effect, which was wonderfully heightened by the deep and heavy thunders of the eruption. They were becoming every moment more frequent and violent—indeed they were alarmingly so; and Salvatori, to whom fear was a stranger, and who was familiar with all the movements of this grand laboratory of nature, expressed his doubts as to the possibility of our being able to ascend with safety. But we had come to see, and not to be frightened; and the glorious sights we had already witnessed, stimulated our feelings to a pitch of enthusiastic curiosity that no danger could conquer—no fatigue could subdue. The old guide finding his expostulations unheeded, shrugged up his shoulders, and said "he would go to the bottom of the crater with us if we dared!" Thus challenged, "en avant" was

the word; and with a long stick to balance ourselves, we commenced the ascent—and here it began in good earnest. A more fatiguing task mortal man never undertook. The loose masses of lava that lie partially buried beneath the cinders, and move and roll with every pressure of the foot, served as stepping stones—when off them, we would sink knee deep in the light cinders: nothing but the greatest industry would prevent one's falling on the sharp fragments of lava, and to stop for the slightest repose, or to catch a long breath, was sure to be attended with a retrograde movement; so the only alternative was "onward." What was the most provoking, was the apparent receding motion of the top of the mount! And this seemed to leave us in proportion to the effort made to reach its summit—whenever we stopped, it would frown down upon us with sullen majesty—the moment we started, it, too, would move off! This illusion was too provoking.

We commenced the ascent in high glee, cracking jokes and laughing at every awkward fall that ever and anon took place—but about mid-way the scene changed—and we found it was no joke to climb the side of a mountain for seven or eight hundred feet, at an angle of sixty degrees, with its sides coated with loose cinders. The laugh died away—and not a word was spoken—even A—was silent! and when the thunders of the eruption ceased, the fall of some heavy stones cast out of the crater, alone broke the tomb-like stillness; then would follow the faint sound of our breathing—but my heart seemed to beat louder.

At last we reached the summit, so overcome with the exertion and fatigue, that I sank perfectly exhausted—but for a glass of "*lachrymæ-christi*," pressed from the mountain grape, I verily believe I should have breathed my last. And when I did recover, what a scene was spread before me! So shapeless, and so chaos-like did every thing appear that it looked more like the destruction of the world by fire, than any thing else one might compare it to, if comparison were possible. And it did not require any great effort of imagination to convert the rude, upright spires of lava into furies of the most frightful and hideous shape—the sulphurous atmosphere, and the lurid flame that was playing about them, gave them an appearance so unearthly and demon-like, that I thought myself transported to the very abodes of Pluto. The summit of the mountain was flat, presenting a surface of about half a mile in diameter—from the centre rose a hill of conic shape, about one hundred feet high, which seemed to be the funnel of the crater—from it issued columns of flame, and red-hot stones that attained an elevation of some ten or twelve hundred feet. The great mass of the lava escaped through an orifice at the base of the cone: a portion of it flowed over the top—this, however, I observed took place only on a great bursting forth—then its sides were literally coated with the crimson liquid—and uniting at the base, it rolled over, and coursed down the sides of the mountains with an impetuosity and force that nothing could withstand; burying vineyards, villages, and every thing that came in its path. The eruptions took place at intervals of one or two minutes, with the indications of a violent convulsion of the earth—an almost deafening noise, like the discharge of a thousand cannon—then would follow a dense cloud of smoke—a column of flame—a shower of stones—and streams of lava,—enough to shake the nerves of the most courageous, threatened as he is by every object around him. The sight was too overpowering for my weak senses, and I scarcely know whether fear or admiration predominated at that moment—but I must confess I wished myself on *terra firma* once or twice.

Watching the "golden opportunity," we ran to one of the volcanic apertures and got a glance at its hidden charms. The crater resembled a vast grotto encrusted with crystallized particles of sulphur, saltpetre and alum, as far down as the eye could reach, and it appeared to be of fathomless depth. The liquid lava was chafing and heaving against its sides like the ocean surf against a rocky cliff. The extreme heat of the ground,

and the sulphurous vapors which were continually exhaled, rendered our standing as uncomfortable as our respiration was difficult—indeed our eyes, faces, and lungs, were sorely affected. So completely fascinated were we with the sublime and brilliant spectacle, that we heeded not the admonitions of nature, or the shouts of Salvatori and the guides. At last, seeing our destruction inevitable if we remained, they rushed to the spot where we stood riveted with admiration, and dragged us back. Then it was we were awakened to a sense of our critical situation—the earth was heaving with extraordinary violence—and the deep murmuring tones that seemed to come from the inmost bosom of the mountain, indicated a violent eruption—we had not one moment to lose—the guides crossed themselves, and invoked the protection of their tutelary saints; and away we leaped down the side of the mountain, with long and rapid strides to the great jeopardy of our necks and limbs, as the volcano burst forth with all its fury, scattering its huge rocks far and near, with the force and whizzing sound of cannon shot—literally stoning us down the mountain, and inundating the very ground we had occupied with its floods of liquid lava. We soon reached our mules, and the natural instinct of the animal rendered whip and spur unnecessary—fear acted as a more potent persuader than all the tortuous inventions of human ingenuity. Although it was night, every object was rendered as distinctly visible by the volcanic light, as though the bright sun was shining in the heavens.

We reached the hermitage in a wonderful short time, more dead than alive, and looking like young Vulcans. We found the delightful coolness of the mountaineers' hut more grateful than the warm entertainment given us by the volcanic spirits of Vesuvius. Stretching ourselves on a couch of leaves, we soon lost our fatigues and hair-breadth scapes in a sleep of delightful forgetfulness.

A refreshing nap enabled us to enjoy the most glorious sunrise mortal eyes ever beheld. The eye ran over an expanse of country diversified with hill and dale, and cultivated to an exquisite degree of perfection, teeming with all the luxuries of shrub and vine. The whole country appeared to be studded with villages and villas. Naples, with its enchanting bay animated with a number of white sails, was at our feet. Vesuvius was in our rear holding forth with all its energy and warmth—but daylight appeared to destroy the brilliant effect of the night—for every thing that was inflammable in the dark, was rendered pale by the day; yet it was a grand and imposing spectacle—and the whole scene was one that can never lose its hold on one's memory.

We descended to Portici, a large town at the foot of the mount, based on the lava that destroyed Herculæum—took a delightful bath, and breakfasted on *beva ficas*—fruits served up in the luxury of leaf and flower baskets—drank our *lachrymæ-christi*, and were perfectly satisfied—we were in Italy! The pure invigorating mountain air, together with our last night's excursion, gave a zest to our meal that few have had the happiness to experience.

After breakfast, we returned to the ship, grateful for our preservation—satisfied with the excursion—and happy to astonish our messmates with the recital of the incident I have so feebly described.

OCEANUS.

THE BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK.

[Mr. EDWARD EVERETT, among other of the exertions of his untiring mind, recently delivered an address at South Deerfield, on Connecticut river, in commemoration of the battle fought at Bloody Brook, in King Philip's war, September 18, 1675. We select a passage which immediately follows an account of the manner in which that aboriginal monarch was killed, with which we are proud to enrich our columns.]—*National Intelligencer.*

Such was the fate of Philip, which was immediately followed by a termination of the war, in every quarter,

except the eastern frontier. It was a war of extermination between his followers and the whites; happy, if the kindred tribes had learned wisdom from the fatal lesson. Thus fell King Philip! The ground, on which we stand, is wet with the blood which flowed beneath the tomahawk of his young men; and the darkness of night, in these peaceful vales, was often lighted up, in days of yore, by the flames of burning villages, kindled by his ruthless warriors. But that blood has sunk, not forgotten, but forgiven, into the ground. Havoc and dismay no longer stalk through these happy fields; and as we meet to-day to perform the simple and affecting rites of commemoration over the grave of the gallant victims of the struggle, let us drop a compassionate tear also for these the benighted children of the forest—the orphans of Providence—whose cruelties have long since been expiated by their fate. It could not be expected of them, to enter into the high counsels of Heaven. It was not for them, dark and uninstructed even in the wisdom of man, to comprehend the great design of Providence, of which their wilderness was the appointed theatre. It may well have exceeded their sagacity, as it baffles ours, that this benign work should so often have moved forward through pathways dripping with blood. Yes! the savage fought a relentless war; but he fought for his native land, for the mound that covered the bones of his parents, he fought for his squaw and papoose; no, I will not defraud them of the sacred names which our hearts understand; he fought for his wife and children. He would have been not a savage; he would have been a thing for which language has no name—for which neither human nor brute existence has a parallel—if he had not fought for them. Why, the very wildcat, the wolf, will spring at the throat of the hunter that enters his den—the bear, the catamount, will fight for his hollow tree. The Indian was a man—a degraded, ignorant savage, but a human creature—ay, and he had the feelings of a man. President Mather, in relating the encounter of the 1st of August, 1676, the last but one of the war, says "Philip hardly escaped with his life also. He had fled and left his *peage* behind him, also his squaw and his son were taken captive, and are now prisoners at Plymouth. Thus hath God brought that grand enemy into great misery, before he quite destroy him. It must needs be bitter as death to him to lose his wife and only son, (for the Indians are marvellous fond and affectionate towards their children,) besides other relations, and almost all his subjects, and country also."

And what was the fate of Philip's wife and his son? This is a tale for husbands and wives, for parents and children. Young men and women, you cannot understand it. What was the fate of Philip's wife and child? She is a woman, he is a lad. They did not surely hang them. No, that would have been mercy. The boy is the grandson, his mother the daughter-in-law of good old Massasoit, the first and the best friend the English ever had, in New England. Perhaps—perhaps, now Philip is slain, and his warriors scattered to the four winds, they will allow his wife and son to go back—the widow and the orphan—to finish their days and sorrows in their native wilderness. They were sold into slavery; West Indian slavery!—an Indian princess and her child, sold from the cool breezes of Mount Hope, from the wild freedom of a New England forest, to gasp under the lash, beneath the blazing sun of the tropics! "Bitter as death," ay, bitter as hell!

Is there any thing, I do not say in the range of humanity—is there any thing animated, that would not struggle against this? Is there, I do not say a man, who has ever looked in the face of his sleeping child—a woman,

—that has given suck, and knows

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks her;

is there a dumb beast, a brute creature, a thing of earth or of air, the lowest in creation, so it be not wholly devoid of that mysterious instinct which binds the generations of beings together, that will not use the arms which nature has given it, if you molest the spot where its fledglings nestle, where its cubs are crying for their meat?

Then think of the country for which the Indians fought! Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

—throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pomp and gold.

As he looked down and beheld the lovely scene which spread beneath, at a summer sunset—the distant hill-tops blazing with gold, the slanting beams streaming along the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forests—could he be blamed, if his heart burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control into the hands of the stranger? As the river chieftains—the lords of the water-falls and the mountains—ranged this lovely valley; can it be wondered at if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's axe; the fishing place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, the chief of the Pocumtuck Indians, who should have ascended the summit of the sugar-loaf mountain—(rising as it does before us, at this moment, in all its loveliness and grandeur,) in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say, "white man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing water-falls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant—few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children. And now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, it is mine. Stranger! there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west?—the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the east?—the great water is before me. No, stranger, here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps, the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noon-day sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety, but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!"

* Morton's New England Memorial, Judge Davis's edition, p. 353, &c.

From the Sailor's Magazine.

A NEW PLAN FOR A SAILOR'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

A thorough reform in the system of sailor boarding has been considered as a desideratum in the effort for the benefit of this interesting and important class of men. With a few exceptions, the character of sailors' boarding-houses hitherto has been so bad as to pollute the sailor more and more, and render his stay on the land more dangerous to his morals and his soul, than the raging ocean ever was to his personal safety. This evil has been such as greatly to counteract the means

used to promote the moral and religious improvement of seamen, as it is comparatively of little use to bring sailors to church on the Sabbath if their whole week must be spent in the midst of intemperance and pollution. To remedy the evil, the houses already in operation must undergo a radical alteration, or new houses must be established. The first of these can hardly be expected, and we must look to new establishments as the ultimate remedy.

And now the question arises, what must be the character of those boarding establishments, which shall not only be a benefit to sailors in themselves considered, but prove valuable auxiliaries to every effort made to advance the cause of religion and sound morality among the wanderers on the deep?

1st. As it cannot be expected many good houses can be at once established, a sailors' boarding-house, built in a great city, must be sufficiently large to afford ample accommodation for a considerable number of men at one time. To have a great body of men crowded together in small apartments, by day or night, will prove a great barrier to their improvement in any thing, and be more likely to lead to vice than to virtue. Hence the sailors' boarding-house should be spacious, affording, beside the kitchen, and other rooms pertaining to that department, a good sized sitting-room, a dining-hall, a reading-room, and a sufficient number of small chambers, each furnished with a single bed, a table, a chair, wash-stand, and looking-glass, with room for a chest.

2d. The regulations of the house should be few, reasonable, and simple, but rigidly enforced. They should be printed, given to every boarder at his entrance, and posted up in the reading-room and dining-hall. They should be something like the following:

No intoxicating liquors allowed to be kept in the house as a drink, nor any boarder allowed to bring in any. No profane or obscene language allowed in the house; and no gaming, dancing, or carousing. The doors to be closed at ten o'clock at night, and no person admitted after that hour. The Sabbath to be strictly regarded, and every inducement placed before the boarders to attend public worship with regularity, &c., &c.

3d. The price of board should be reasonable, and always a little less than the sum charged at other houses; this to be regulated by a judicious committee appointed for that purpose.

4th. Attached to the house, should be an office of general registry, where every sailor of good character for morals and seamanship, should be encouraged to record his name in a book kept for that purpose, as soon as he arrives in port, with the place where he may be found, so that merchants and shipmasters may be able to ascertain what good sailors are in port, and may select for themselves a crew of steady men, whenever they are to be had. No fee whatever should be charged to any one at this office.

5th. Sailors who sustain a good character, and board at this establishment, should be entitled to receive from the landlord a certificate of the same, (a printed form of this to be prepared;) and those sailors who do not board at this house might receive the same certificate, provided they register their names at the office, and satisfy the landlord as to their moral character.

6th. Those merchants and shipmasters who aid in the establishment, should consider themselves bound, when shipping a crew, always to give the preference to a sailor who has such a certificate, other things being equal.

7th. It would be well if the savings bank could be located near to the boarding-house, and the regulations of the same should be posted up in the house, that sailors may have every facility to deposit their earnings.

8th. The house should be furnished with the heavy articles of furniture, such as bedsteads, mattresses, tables, chairs, &c.; and for the house thus furnished, no rent should be charged to the landlord in the outset; and such a number of weeks' board should be guaranteed to him, as will, on fair estimate, pay his expenses. Whatever he can obtain more than this, within a specified term of years, should be his own gain. He will thus be secure in undertaking the work, and have, at the same time, before him a sufficient inducement for the greatest activity.

9th. Connected with the house there should be a reading room, supplied with papers and periodicals, a supply of books and tracts for sailors; and a deposito-

ry of bibles should also be found there, and where the Sailor's Magazine and Hymn Book could also be obtained.

10th. A nautical school might, with much propriety, be appended to the boarding-house, where all young seamen should receive instruction in every necessary branch of education at a *very moderate price*, or gratis, according to their circumstances. In this way, the time spent by seamen on shore would be likely to be usefully improved by those boarding at this house, and not, as is too often the case, devoted to idleness and dissipation.

11th. It would be very easy to bring near to the house some large establishment of clothing, hats, shoes, bedding, and every article which sailors need, under the supervision of some responsible man, where, if they wished, sailors might furnish themselves with the best of articles at the lowest cash price, without incurring the risk of being constantly imposed on, or of having unknowingly to be taxed for a premium given to the landlord for his custom. This, perhaps, should not form a part of the boarding establishment, lest it should be thought a money-making concern, and thus an odium be thrown on the boarding-house; but the same benevolence which led to the establishment of the one would undoubtedly provide for the other.

Would the wealthy and benevolent in our large cities, and more important commercial places, but put forth the necessary exertion, an establishment of this kind might be made in every large seaport throughout our country, and sailors might be saved from those impositions which have hitherto been practised upon them; be rescued, in a great measure, from the domination of their own vices, and raised to that rank in society which they are fully able to fill.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

A TOUGH YARN.

"I'll tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

The Rockingham, outward bound East Indiaman, was skimming along before a freshening breeze which had just begun to ruffle the broad bosom of the Atlantic; every stitch of canvass was set, and joy sat smiling on the countenances of all at the prospect of soon escaping from the regions of calms and variable winds, when suddenly a seaman engaged about the rigging lost his hold and fell overboard. "Put the helm down!" shouted the officer of the watch; "a man overboard! Aft here, cutters; clear away the boat!" In one moment all was bustle and excitement; small sails flapping in the wind, studding-sail booms cracking, tacks and halliards let go by the run. The ship flew rapidly up in the wind, the main-braces were let go, and the mainyard swung back. The cutters were lowering the boat, when suddenly came the orders, "keep all fast, 'tis too late! Port, quartermaster, keep the ship on her course! After guard brace up the mainyard!"—and these promptly and actively obeyed, soon the vessel moved on in the even tenor of her course. All was silence and gloom, for poor Pat Roenan was a universal favorite.

Meanwhile, however, the cause of all this commotion was quietly perched upon the rudder, patiently waiting for some friendly hand to render him assistance. The officer of the deck had seen him go down under the ship's quarter, and looked in vain for his re-appearance, he having risen under the counter, and, being a good swimmer, instantly and instinctively striking out for the rudder-chains. Pat loudly shouted for help, but, amid the noise and confusion which prevailed, his cries were unheard. Being a bold and active fellow, and not gifted with much patience, he made a spring or one of the gun room ports, which, in tropical latitudes, are often kept open to give air to the various stores the room contains, and once more succeeded in getting on board.

Tired with his exertions, he seated himself for a moment, and, looking around, what a tempting spectacle presented itself! On one side was a tin box of the best biscuits, on the other an open case of bottled ale. Pat looked long and wistfully at them both, weighing the enjoyment against the probable consequences; at last, "here goes," said he, dipping his hand into one, and taking a bottle from the other, and in two minutes a quart of the best Hodgson had changed masters. He soon began to feel its powerful effects, but before yielding to them contrived to stagger to a dark corner, and to lie down between two packages. Here he slept sound-

ly, and unobserved by the gunner when he went his evening rounds, till the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe awakened him to a sense of his situation, and the discipline to which he had subjected himself; but the common boardship saying, "swallow a tooth of the dog that bit you," recurred to his recollection; and having in vain endeavored to stifle his conscience in any other way, he at length fairly drowned it in another bottle of the intoxicating beverage. The consequence was another long sleep, from which he awoke with all the horrors of the "cat" hanging over him. But it was time to think how to escape from the dilemma; and when an Irishman once fairly sets his wits to work, what can he not accomplish. It was broad day. The sun had nearly attained his meridian, and the smooth and unruffled sea reflected his beams with almost intolerable splendor, while the ship lying perfectly unmanageable, heaved and rolled heavily with the swell; it was a dead calm. Pat looked out of the port, and a bright idea striking him, he proceeded to act upon it. The fear of the "cat" overcame his dread of the sharks, and letting himself quietly overboard, he dropped as far astern as he could without being observed by those on deck. It was seven bells in the forenoon watch; as usual, the officers were busy "taking the sun," and laughing and joking with each other, when suddenly the cry "ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" arising from the sea, filled every one with astonishment and surprise. All rushed to the taffarel, where, to their dismay, they perceived poor Pat Roenan, slowly, and apparently with much fatigue, forcing his way through the waters. The first surprise over, all hastened to give assistance; and with no little difficulty, this "dead alive" was hoisted on the deck. "Why, sir," says Pat, blowing and sputtering at intervals, and seemingly scarcely able to articulate, "it was too bad—to leave a poor fellow—kicking—his heels in the—middle of the—Atlantic; if it hadn't been for this blessed calm—I'd never have come up—with the old ship." Here Pat sunk exhausted upon a carronade; but he chuckled in his sleeve when he saw the captain's steward bringing a glass of brandy to revive him. Pat's impudence, and his invariable reply to all direct and indirect questions put to him on the subject, "sure I never had such a swim in my born days; if it hadn't been for the calm, I'd never have got on board again," carried him well through; and the boldness of his unwavering asseverations staggered his messmates into a half belief of the story.

Time wore on, and the Rockingham arrived safely at her anchorage in Bombay harbor. Like all other nine day wonders, Pat's adventure had ceased to be remembered, when Capt. Graham dining on shore with the commander of another vessel in the roads, the conversation turned upon swimming, and the great power in the water which a black man on board the latter gentleman's ship displayed. Pat Roenan and his adventure occurred to Capt. Graham. "When the wine is in, the wit is out," and considerable bets were laid by the two gentlemen upon the result of a trial of the powers of the two seamen. The next morning was named for the match. Pat Roenan was summoned to the quarter-deck, and told what was expected from him and that it was arranged the two men should swim directly out to sea, with attending boats to pick them up when exhausted. Though a good swimmer, Pat well knew he was no match for the black, and he trembled at the consequences of a discovery of his deception; still he trusted that his native impudence would again save him. And so it did. The story of the bet had got wind—the beach was crowded with people—the boats were manned—the swimmers stripped, and just about to make the plunge, when Pat exclaimed, "avast there brother! heave to for a minute, will ye!" He went to his own ship's boat and took from it a large and well filled bag, which he slowly and deliberately began to lash to his back. "Hallo!" cried the gazing black, "what you got dere?" "Grub, to be sure, you nigger! you don't suppose I'm such a greenhorn as to go out to sea on a cruise without laying in a stock of provisions?" "Why how long are you going to swim?" "How can I tell, you black squall, how long we shall be out; it won't be less than a week, any how," said Pat, with the greatest coolness.

He knew his man; nothing could induce the black to swim; Pat came off with flying colors, muttering to himself, "Och, an' it would be a quare thing if I could'n't bother a nigger, when I chated my own captain."

Selected Poetry.

THE BLOODY BROOK CELEBRATION.—At the close of Mr. Everett's address, a dirge from the band, and the following original hymn, from the pen of Dr. Samuel Willard, sung by a large choir, closed the ceremonies at the monument.

No broad highway their footsteps led;
No field its wide disclosure spread;
Through miry fens, the forests rude
The adventurous band their course pursued.

Beset by lurking hordes around,
Those sylvan scenes at once resound
With savage yells and victims' sighs,
While pierced with wounds, each hero dies.

Those sighs e'en now we seem to hear;
Those war-whoops ring in fancy's ear;
On every side we view the slain,
Alas, what carnage strews the plain!

Not so; where ambush snared their feet
In festive circles now we meet;
Their dangerous path we safely trace,
And hear no sounds, but sounds of peace.

Ye Patriot Dead, whose ashes lie
Interred beneath this smiling sky,
To you this monument we rear,
And memory sheds a grateful tear.

We reap the fruits your valor sowed
On fields so often drenched with blood;
And, while we make your worth our boast,
Your God shall be your children's trust.

Till months and years shall cease to roll,
Till yonder star forsake the pole,
May every age its part fulfil
With parents' love and patriots' zeal.

The procession then moved a short distance, to an open field, near Mr. Whitney's house, where seats had been prepared for the audience, and a stage erected under a venerable walnut tree, in the centre of the ground on which the action with Lothrop's scattered men terminated.

ORDER OF EXERCISES IN THE FIELD.

Music from the band.
Prayer by Rev. Mr. Chandler of Greenfield.
The following original hymn, by Mrs. Sigourney of Hartford, sung by the choir:—

Our pilgrim fathers, where are they?
Who stemm'd the stranger wave,
To rock their cradle in the wild,
And rear the free and brave;—
Who rais'd in humble prayer, the hands
That broke the stubborn clod,
And patient taught a new-born World
To lisp the name of God.

Where are those warriors, red and grim,
Who from the thicket sprang,
And aim'd their deadly weapons sure,
And mock'd the torture-pang?
Where are those flying forms, that lov'd
The bounding deer to trace,
And stay the sunward eagle's flight?
Where is that forest race?

There is no redness in the stream,
That drank of blood so deep,
That history bade it evermore
A sad tradition keep:
The lofty mountain wears its robe
In sweet and solemn grace,
Those battle echoes all forgot
That shook its rocky base.

And here, where sleep our ancient sires,
Their sons assembling lay
Such incense on their turf-bound shrines,
As love and memory pay;
Yes, here from faithful hearts and true,
Swell forth exulting lays,
The music of a glorious land;
Oh, God! accept the praise.

ORATION,—by Hon. Edward Everett.

Instrumental Music, by the band.

The following hymn, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Springfield:

The star of ages past
Unfolds its rising ray!
And ancient memories spring to life
To warm our hearts to-day.

The memories of those
Who braved the battle-showers,
And shielded with their hearts and hands
Our nation's infant hours.

The trampled vale alone,
The streamlet's reddened flood,
Bore witness to their gallant strife,
And told the tale of blood.

But all the prints of death
Are vanished long ago;
Their heaps are level with the plain,
And bright the waters flow.

But now their fame revives,
And where their ashes lie
We roll the thunder of their praise,
Till rocks and hills reply.

And man with graven stone,
And nature with her flowers,
Shall dress the martyrs' glorious grave
Who died for us and ours.

At the close of the performance a contribution was taken to defray the expenses of the proposed monument; and though the sum collected is yet inadequate, it is hoped that the generous sons of our suffering fathers will not refuse their mite. The plan and structure of the monument will be determined by the sum obtained; and it is intended that simplicity and durability shall be preferred to magnitude and elegance.

The day was fine, and no accident occurred to repress the deep solemnity, which evidently reigned throughout the listening audience. The Franklin Mercury makes the following remarks: "The immense crowd were seated in front of the stage, covering a semi-circle of ground as compactly as they could be arranged. The bright colors of the dresses of the females in the centre, and the dark clothes of the male part of the audience in deep lines upon the outside, gave a fine effect to the scene. The whole number of persons present has been estimated at six thousand; and we are not inclined to place the number lower. Mr. Everett was heard distinctly to the outskirts of this large audience. Opposite to the stage, rising directly out of the level plain, were Sugarloaf and its twin mountain, richly decked in their September robes."

CAPE HATTERAS LIGHT.—Mariners are hereby notified that, from the decayed state of the lantern on Cape Hatteras light-house, the light cannot be well kept up; no reliance ought therefore to be placed on it. The house is now, and has been repairing for some time; and during the month of December and probably part of January, while repairing the upper deck and fitting up a new lantern, there will be no light shown.

THOS. H. BLOUNT, Supt.

Oct. 30, 1835.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—The labor on Bunker Hill Monument has ceased for the season. Thirty-one courses are now completed—each of which, as we are told, is two feet eight inches, making a height of 82 feet eight inches. This noble structure, although but an inconsiderable portion of it is yet completed, already catches the eye of the stranger on approaching Charlestown from any quarter, and presents a grand and imposing appearance. The workmanship is of the most imposing kind, and it is well calculated to endure for many ages. When completed, it will be a proud monument of the virtue and valor of our fathers, of the glorious deeds which an intelligent and oppressed people will dare for the rescue of their liberties from the grasp of a tyrant.—*Boston Journal*.

WASHINGTON;

THURSDAY,.....NOVEMBER 19, 1835.

We have received a copy of Mr. E. Everett's address delivered at Bloody Brook, in South Deerfield, Mass., Sept. 30, 1835, in commemoration of the fall of the "flower of Essex," at that spot, in King Philip's war, Sept. 18, (O. S.) 1675.

Some extracts from this interesting address, as well as the Dirge and Hymns sung on the occasion, will be found in another column.

The Boston Fusileers have presented a silver pitcher, valued at \$125, to Col. C. R. Broom, of the Marine Corps, for his politeness to them during their visit to this city.

ARRIVALS AT WASHINGTON.

Nov. 13—Capt. W. H. Chase, Eng'rs, at Gadsby's.
Maj. H. Bache, Top. do, at Maj. Graham's.
14—Lt. Z. J. D. Kinsley, 3d Art'y, at Fuller's.
Col. A. Cummings, 2d Infantry, do
Lieut. S. P. Heintzelman, do, do
16—Lieut. M. M. Clark, 2d Artillery, do
17—Maj. J. F. Heileman, do, do
Maj. G. Dearborn, 2d Infantry, do

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Washington, 15th Nov. 1835.

ARMY.		NAVY.	
Lt. M. M. Clark,	2	Lt. C. Boorman,	
Lt. W. B. Davidson,		Lt. J. Glynn,	
Lt. J. Farley,	3	Capt. J. Percival,	
Major H. Saunders,		Dr. George Terrill,	
Lt. Col. H. Stanton,		Lt. J. Williams.	

RECEIPTS BY MAIL, &c.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE.

[From the 4th to the 17th Nov. inclusive.]

Lieut. A. G. Blanchard, Army,	31st Dec., 1836	5 00	
Capt. W. Foster, rev'ue cut'r ser.,	14 Oct., 1837	5 00	
Lieut. John Pope,	30 Sept., 1836	3 00	
Lieut. H. Eagle,	30 June, "	3 00	
Dr. C. Chase,	31 July, "	3 00	
Dr. N. Pinkney,	31 Dec., 1835	3 00	
P. Mid. J. R. Tucker,	30 June, 1836	3 00	
P. Mid. J. A. Russ,	30 Sept., "	3 00	
Mid. N. Barnes, Jr.,	30 June, "	3 00	
Mid. C. B. Poindexter,	" " "	3 00	
Mid. S. J. Shipley,	" " "	3 00	
Mid. Geo. Wells,	" " "	3 00	
Mid. H. A. Wise,	" " "	3 00	
Mid. J. L. Worden,	31 Dec., 1835	3 00	

From the Baltimore Patriot.

U. S. REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS.

Extract of a letter from CARLISLE BARRACKS.

"The detachment now assembling at this place, (60 men) will start for the far west in about twenty days; although not so large as the other detachments sent from the barracks, yet in the fine manly and military appearance of the recruits, I can safely say, a finer body of young men could not be assembled.

"The destination of this detachment is Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas, but will probably take up their winter quarters at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, Missouri. At this place every comfort is paid the recruits; their quarters are comfortable, and clothing good and warm. The men are perfectly happy and contented; indeed I have never yet met with a man who, after he had been here one week, that could be driven away. Young men of spirit become attached to the Dragoon Service. It is a manly and respectable one.

"The officer now in command here, Captain P. St. Geo. Cooke, is a soldier and a gentleman, and is liked by all his men. He would give any information that might be required.

Several respectable young Baltimoreans, have joined us within the last month."

Communications.

HIGHLANDS AND "HIGHLANDERS."

It is a truism, worthy of all acceptance, that "Man is the creature of circumstances." Place him in any situation in life—surround him with comforts, conveniences, and with luxuries, even,—circumstances being reversed, he becomes a different being. Contented satisfaction is not among the many virtues given to mankind; no situation, no place, can render some men happy!—circumstances, be they ever so favorable, cannot render some men contented. I noticed a short time since in the "Army and Navy Chronicle" a remonstrance against the proposed discontinuance of the conveniences furnished by the hotel at this post. Now, from the letter and the spirit of that paper, I am led to the conclusion, that the writer must be one of the few beings who are made for content and for happiness. I conclude that he must have enjoyed no little pleasure in his life, and a goodly share even in the parlors and at the "table d'hôte" of the West Point Hotel. As averse as any individual may be to the practice of casting obstacles in the way of any one's enjoyment, how much soever I may regret the duty I have undertaken to perform, how far soever I may fall behind the winning post in my attempts to convince, still I beg leave to say that I differ radically and entirely with your correspondent "Habitator Montium" as regards the hotel, and will, with his permission, proceed to state a few of the grounds upon which this difference of opinion is founded. Why (allow me to inquire) was a hotel placed within the vicinity of the Military Academy? Is not the very essence of the rules and regulations of the institution against the influence of such an establishment? Cadets, 'tis true, are not allowed to enter the house except (as "Montium" says) "to visit their relatives," and when so allowed they go under certain wholesome restrictions! Very well. Is it to be supposed by any individual that a prisoner, as he looks through the diamond lights of his grated window, and observes one carrying savory meats, delicious wines, and heart-moving delicacies along—is it to be supposed, I say, that the prisoner is to look unmoved on such a scene? Is he to see this and his appetite not crave some of the good things of this earth? Certainly not. This then is precisely the case with the Cadet who looks at the hotel, or who has permission to enter its walls. He sees the fine things, the delicacies of each season, and when invited by his friends to partake of them, gives the surprising information that "it is against the Regulations!" "Montium" may say that young men in the walks of science should place their mark higher, than to allow any sensual temptations to influence them! But when any man can see good things, when he can hear of good things, and not desire to possess them—then may we expect Cadets to do so likewise. Besides the temptations of eating, drinking, and "making merry," 'tis natural for man (soldiers especially) to admire the perfections, the amiable traits in the character of the female sex! Does "Habitator Montium" imagine that Cadets can see ladies at the hotel, and not desire their company, their agreeable conversation, as much as himself or any other man of civilized sentiments? Does he suppose that it requires less self-denial, less resolution in Cadets, to be separated from heaven's best gift, than it does in himself? From his writing we should imagine that it would be almost depriving him of life, if you prevent "his sentimental rambles, his innocent conversations." What pangs it costs "Habitator" to leave the presence of the dear angels! Precisely so with any body of young men. It must always be so, until nature alters her economy. Place any desired object in the view of man, and prevent if you can by bolts, bars, or fastenings of any kind, his wishes from taking that direction. "The pleasure of anticipation is superior to that of enjoyment;"

"For so it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we overrate the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us,
While it was ours."

And so it is. Although prevented by the regulations from visiting the hotel, and confined in our own domicils, our minds too often are wandering from the books, and

we mingle cosines, angles, forces, *gabions*, bright eyes, sweet looks, and a million of dollars into one confused mass—from which you separate not quite a *moitié* of science. Such then being the case, it becomes a useful and an interesting subject of inquiry—"how shall these things be prevented?" A ready solution of this question is at hand, and the only solution in my poor opinion which will effect the desired end. Discontinue the hotel—enforce severe discipline—fulfil the objects of the institution, and create real soldiers! I would go one step farther than that proposed; I would make a radical reform, a decisive revolution—leave not one stone of the old fabric upon the spot. I would cause the protégés of the Government to live like men who are intended for real service. No one should leave the spot until he left with a diploma! These furloughs are the ruin of many. It distracts the attention, and by granting them a Cadet loses an entire encampment for the performance of military duty!! I would allow no Cadet to visit his relatives, or his relatives to visit him, for four years! Is this not the case in the naval service? How many of those young men are absent from their homes and their country, for more than the time required for the graduation of a Cadet? You may say that 'naval officers have something to amuse and instruct them during this long absence; novelties which awaken and keep alive the most intense and glowing interest.' Let me refer to the beauties which are discovered during the academical course! Are there no novelties here? Does not each day as it rolls along contribute something to the instruction of a Cadet? Is there no pleasure in searching the great store-houses of knowledge? * * * I would cause the Cadets to exercise the utmost self-denial; I would make them sleep in the open air, with nothing over them save the blue canopy of the sky! I would make them eat the food set before them; and this should be of such a nature as to teach them economy; of such a kind as to show them what they should eat when famine or the devastations of war should surround our country. As for delicacies—coffee, tea, or sugar! I would none of these. If allowed at all, I would have no sugar that was not variegated with "occasional specks." In short, I would make soldiers of them! And those who could not undergo the fatigues of such a life, I would discard, as unfit for the service of their country. Subject young Americans to a life of hardship, privation, and toil; and behold, a race of hardy, brave, and unconquerable men! The Spartans, Lacedæmonians, Romans,—and last, though not least, the Americans of '76, were men of such a stamp! A nation composed of such men, may defy the assaults of power. Then why not begin a radical reformation? Look at the troops of his royal Majesty William IVth. Fine, healthy, stout, "Highlanders," stationed in the Canadian provinces. These are soldiers indeed. They go through the manœuvres "like clock work!" To a soldier's eye, what can be more pleasing than the appearance of such men on parade? The "corps of the U. S. Cadets" may equal, and, if it please, excel these Highlanders! Then adopt some rigid system; break down old customs; elevate the standard of a soldier's acquirements; make him more than any other man; deprive him of all the luxuries, and of many comforts which others enjoy! And if you would have philosophers, scholars, and learned men, take the refinements, the delights of society from Cadets; let them turn from viewing barren and bleak mountains, upon their text-books; encourage them not with the associations of any refined society; but for the four years of their service in this academy, make solitude their companion. Then they must be driven to their books for amusement, for instruction. What a happy community! What erudition would soon be developed! What soldiers! Even the Highlanders might retreat in confusion! and the troops of Sultan Mahmoud take lessons from American soldiery! This is not fancy, it is no foolish supposition of impossibilities. Such can be the state of affairs, and such a state we ought to have. Give but such a system—solitude and severity—

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

W——.

WEST POINT, Nov.

FORT GIBSON.

In the Army and Navy Chronicle, No. 36, for Sept., 1835, appeared over the signature of "Blowhard," some unjustifiable and uncalled for strictures on the 7th regiment of infantry. That courtesy, which always should exist between gentlemen and between members of the same profession, it is thought, should have saved the 7th from the biting sarcasm, and sneering admonitions of the very sage Mr. Blowhard. He commences his production by informing us, that certain matters relating to Fort Gibson were brought before Congress a session or two since, and created quite an animated discussion, with which we, being reasonable creatures, should be perfectly satisfied; and further, that at the aforesaid session \$5,000 were appropriated for the repair of the existing quarters, which he presumes has been expended. For the information of Mr. Blowhard, I can inform him, that the appropriation has not been expended; and that if it had, it would have been entirely inadequate for the reparation of old log quarters, which have been erected fourteen years, and which were intended as mere temporary shelters for the occupation of five companies, and into which have since been crowded nine. Mr. Blowhard also speaks of the change of the regiment, but very sagely observes, that it is a question for the proper authorities; and that the removal might cost something, and is therefore a matter of grave consideration; of all which, with all imaginable deference, we, and all the world beside, were well aware.

Mr. Blowhard also says, in his inimitable production, that we must certainly be supplied with tools, &c.; and that other regiments have, from as scanty a supply, made themselves comfortable; which by the by, is telling truths by the half, or not telling them at all. I put it to Mr. Blowhard to say, if other regiments have made themselves comfortable merely with a supply of tools.

In conclusion, Mr. Blowhard advises us to lay aside our complaints, to cease grumbling, to use a little industry, and with a suitable appropriation to back it, we will in a short time be on as eligible a footing as any other regiment in the service. All this would be very well in Mr. Blowhard, if he had the right to meddle with that which does not concern him, either directly or indirectly; for if he were in any event to be removed to Fort Gibson, he should esteem it as the most fortunate event of his otherwise uneventful existence, as he could then practise those suffering virtues, and that commendable industry which he so strongly recommends to others. His witless appellations are as undeserved as they are uncalled for. As to "the bloody seventh," there is no event in the history of the regiment, within the knowledge of the writer of this article, which should entitle it to that appellation; and by what right does he stigmatise it, as "complaining" and as "grumbling?" Is it because one or two articles have lately appeared in the public prints, stating with truth and accuracy, the claims of the regiment to be removed to some other station? Is it because it has been said that our quarters are not so comfortable as they might have been, had Congress made the requisite appropriations? Is it because it has been said, with truth, that the regiment has been stationed in a sickly hole for fourteen years, performing more actual service in that time than any other three regiments in the service? (thank you, Mr. Blowhard, for informing us of the Black Hawk war, of which you are probably one of the old veterans, as they never grumble.) Is it for these causes, or any one of them, that Mr. Blowhard has been pleased to bestow on us the appellation of complaining and grumbling? Is it not a principle in military service, founded on experience, that rotation in the service of posts conduces to the discipline and excellence of the army? And has not this principle been acted upon with respect to every regiment in the service but ours? And shall Mr. Blowhard raise his still small voice from the wilderness, and admonish us to be silent, when we only ask for that which is justly our right? Shall he deter us from the performance of that which we conceive to be our duty, by calling us a string of senseless names? It is presumed not. As to "veterans from West Point," it is singular how they could excite the ire of the crusty old gentleman, Mr. Blowhard, (who never grumbles,) when it is well known that they are universally urbane and in the highest degree gentlemanly in their deportment; when it is well known, by all acquainted with the graduates from West Point, that many of them make as

excellent officers as any in this, or any other service; and in some regiments they perform nearly the whole duty, and are entrusted with all commands of public moment, where intelligence, activity and honesty, are sought for by the Government. The great secret of Mr. Blowhard's grumbling appears to be, his never having enjoyed the advantage of a military education, and therefore necessarily feels his deficiency in every thing relating to military affairs, particularly when thrown in contact with a "West Point veteran."

From the production referred to, it appears to be a legitimate conclusion, that Blowhard is not the only distinguishing quality of its author; and that there are other developments by which he could as readily be distinguished; he has no doubt the faculty of learning in a remarkable degree.

ONE OF THE SEVENTH.

Domestic Miscellany.

MONUMENT TO PERRY.

At a public meeting of the citizens of the county of Erie, convened at the court House in Erie, in pursuance of public notice, on the 5th of November, 1835, to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of Commodore Perry,

RUFUS S. REED was chosen President,
GEORGE MOORE and } Vice Presidents,
GILES SANFORD, }
AND WILLIAM KELLEY, Secretary.

On motion,

Resolved, That it is due to the memory of Commodore O. H. PERRY, that a suitable monument be erected in commemoration of the brilliant and important victory obtained in the battle on Lake Erie, by the American over the British fleet, on the 10th September, 1813.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the borough of Erie is the most appropriate site for the erection of such a monument—this being Perry's headquarters while on the lake—Erie being the naval station. Here the fleet was built that bore him to victory; from this port he sailed on his victorious cruise, and here returned with his prizes—and here yet remains many testimonials of that brilliant achievement—and in all probability if we ever again have occasion for a naval armament on the lake, Erie will again be designated as the naval station.

Resolved, That to carry into effect the object of the meeting, a committee of eleven persons be appointed, whose duty it shall be to correspond with our fellow-citizens throughout the Union, on the subject of the erection of the proposed monument, to invite their concurrence and active co-operation in the measure, to collect funds, procure a site, and do all other business of an executive character necessary to accomplish the object—to fill vacancies in their own body, and to increase their number if necessary.

Resolved, That the following named gentlemen compose the committee designated in the preceding resolution, to wit: Colonel Thomas Forster, George Moore, Rufus S. Reed, P. S. V. Hamot, Giles Sanford, Thomas H. Sill, William Kelly, Daniel Dobbins, Robert Brown, John H. Walker, and Samuel Hays, Esqrs.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers, and published in all the papers of the Union friendly to the proposed measure.

RUFUS S. REED, President.
GEORGE MOORE, } Vice Presidents.
GILES SANFORD, }

WILLIAM KELLEY, Secretary.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE BATTLE ON LAKE ERIE.—To those unskilled in naval affairs and naval language, the history of naval battles is not always perfectly intelligible; and even to the skilful, there is a degree of sameness in a succession of descriptions which detracts from the interest which separately they would be apt to excite; but traits of character are intelligible to all, and various as man and the circumstances which attend him. We have given a description of the battle, and a biography of the hero of the battle: we append a few characteristic anecdotes.

A chain shot having passed through the bulwark, struck the second lieutenant of the *Lawrence* in the breast, knocked him down, and lodged in his bosom. Perry, who was standing near him, flew to his assistance, raised him up, and seeing no marks of a wound, told him that he was not injured. "Very well, sir," said the lieutenant, coming to himself, "but this is my shot," and coolly put it into his pocket.

The character of Lieutenant Yarnall, of the *Lawrence*, in the attitudes in which it has been presented to us, if it is not heroic, is something more. He seems to have considered the fighting of a battle to be a piece of business which was to be done, and must be done well. At the battle of Erie, he had equipped himself in a common sailor's dress. He had received one wound in the head, and another in the neck, each of which he had hastily bound up with a bandana handkerchief; his nose likewise, had been pierced by a splinter, and had swollen to frightful dimensions. Disregarding, or perhaps unconscious of his wounds or ghastly appearance, he came on deck to Captain Perry, and informed that all the officers of his divisions were killed. The captain thereupon ordered others in their places. In a short time Yarnall returned with a similar account, and a request for more officers. To this request Perry could only answer, "I have no more."

Two days after the battle, a couple of Indians were found concealed on board the *Detroit*, where they had remained without eating during that time. Captain Perry being informed of it, ordered them to be brought on deck. As they had been stationed in the top as shooters, they expected no mercy; and had screwed up their feelings and their countenances to the point of suffering as became them, like Indians. Their surprise must be guessed at, for their countenances indicated little, when Perry addressed them with mildness, and kindly ordered them to be fed.

When Captain Perry was getting into his boat, in order to pass from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*, his pilot who had been ordered on that perilous enterprise, jumped into the boat, declaring, that "he would stick by his commander to the last."

The fate of the engaging and handsome Lieutenant Brookes of the marines, was truly affecting. In the midst of the engagement, his thigh was dreadfully shattered by a cannon ball, the force of which threw him to the opposite side of the deck. With the most piercing cries of agony, he entreated Captain Perry to shoot him, and put a period to his misery. A little mulatto boy belonging to Lieutenant Brookes, on seeing his master fall, burst into the most unappeasable cries. Brookes was carried below, and gradually died away, requesting that his boy might be kindly taken care of.

Lieutenant Turner, commander of the brig *Caledonia*, resolved to bring this vessel into action, which required all his canvass; rather than let go his foresail which stood in his way, fired through it; and in this manner procured for himself a share in the engagement.

ATTEMPTED PIRACY.—Extract from the Log-book of the Brig *Hortensia*.—October 31st, 1835. Sailing with fine weather and light airs from S. S. E., at 7 A. M., in latitude 31° N. and longitude 71° W., going N. W., a sail was discovered to S. W. close on the wind, on the starboard tack. A few moments after, we discovered her to be a topsail schooner without maintopmast. She bore down and set her square sails, as if she wanted to speak us. At 8 A. M. she fired three guns. The vessel looking suspicious, we continued our course. At 9 A. M. she fired another gun, and we showed our colors; at 10, being in our wake, she jibed ship and stood directly for us, when we had no doubt but that she was a PIRATE. We had no long guns, but prepared our small arms, (consisting of three bird guns, one blunderbuss and six pair of pistols,) and put on staffs eight or ten bayonets, with a determination to sell our lives as dear as possible. We resolved not to send our boat on board nor permit hers to board us; intending to continue our course until she sunk us with her long guns. We made the lady and children passengers lay close on the cabin floor, it being out of the way of shot. At 11 A. M. she fired a round shot which fell short—immediately after she set fore-top-gallant sail and lower steering sail. At 2 P. M. being near us, she fired round and grape; the shot fell a long

way ahead of us and the grape close under our counter—she kept nearing us and fired three guns in quick succession. The last shot being at 3h. 30m., when at a quarter of a mile distance, to all of which we paid no regard, at which moment we were struck with a heavy squall from W. S. W., when she took in all sail but fore-top-gallant and jib, and kept off, running her Spanish ensign up and down three times, and abandoned the chase. We carried all sail during the squall, with the lee cathead under water, until we lost sight of her. She had a billet head, one yellow streak, and was full of men, commanded by a black captain, who we saw distinctly standing on the trunk, using violent gestures, with the spying glass in his hand.

The *Hortensia*, Captain Massicott, arrived at Baltimore on Sunday, 8th instant.

From the *Newburgh, N. Y., Gazette.*

A splendid monument has just been erected in the burial ground at Delhi, in this State, under the superintendence of Maj. WILLIAM G. BELKNAP, of the U. S. Army, over the remains of the brave and lamented General LEAVENWORTH. This well merited tribute has been paid, as we are informed, by the third regiment of U. S. Infantry, as a testimonial of their regard for the memory and worth of their respected commander, and reflects much honor upon their corps. Men who can so justly appreciate the merit of their officers, cannot be deficient in any one of the noble qualities which form the soldier.

The monument is of East Chester marble, of the Ionic order, and, including the base, die, cap, plinth, and broken shaft, is 12 feet 6 inches in length, and weighs five tons.

The following are the inscriptions:

West front.

In memory of
HENRY LEAVENWORTH,
Col. of the United States 3d Infantry,
and

Brigadier General in the Army.

South front.

BORN
At New Haven, Connecticut,
December 0, 1783;
DIED,
In the service of his Country,
Near the False Waschita,
July 21, 1834.

East front.

For his civic Virtues
His Fellow-Citizens of Delaware
Honored him with a seat
In the Legislature of New York:
The Fields of
Chippewa, Niagara and Aurickaree,
Establish his fame as a Soldier.

North front.

As a testimonial
To his public and private worth,
His regiment have erected
This Monument.

MILITARY OPERATIONS. We understand that Lieut. Wheelock, of the Cavalry Recruiting Service, in this city, has received peremptory orders to repair forthwith with his recruits to New York. Their ultimate destination is the "far west." Lieut. Wheelock has succeeded in obtaining an enlistment of about fifty as fine and hale young cavaliers as could be found in the country. They left on Friday last in the cars for Providence.—*Boston Post.*

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,
NEATLY EXECUTED
AT THIS OFFICE.

Foreign Miscellany.

From the *United Service Journal.*

PRUSSIAN FORTRESSES.—We propose to take a short glance at the military defences of this kingdom, commencing with the north-easternmost of its nine provinces, Eastern and Western Prussia. In these quarters lies the line of fortresses, Pillau, Danzing, Graudenz, and Thorn; Memel is also fortified with a view to protect its port, and there is a port called Frederick's near Königsberg. Pillau, in Eastern Prussia, at a distance of about 430 miles to the northeast of Berlin, lies at the extremity of a tongue of land, or rather drift-sand, between the Baltic Sea and the arm of it called the Frische Haff, in latitude 54° 38' north, and longitude 19° 53' east. The town contained 3929 inhabitants in 1831. It is conjectured that this fortress was founded in earlier times by the Swedes, during their wars with Poland, the place having been an extremely convenient one for disembarking their troops. With this view, its defences are so constructed as to bring the cannon to bear particularly on the Tief or Gatt, about fourteen feet deep, and 3000 feet broad, which gives access to the Frische Haff from the Baltic. It is of great strength on the side next the sea; and, by reason of the sand-banks on the land side, does not admit of being regularly assailed in that direction. It is a regular pentagon in form, lies quite apart from the town, has been greatly improved in modern times, particularly by the addition of out-works and barracks, and contains a free church, the higher civic school, an arsenal, magazines, &c., and about 130 houses.

Danzing, in Western Prussia, at the mouth of the westerly main arm of the Vistula, and on its left bank, in latitude 54° 20' north, and longitude 18° 38' east, and at a distance of 310 miles northeast from Berlin, is a fortress of much superior rank. In 1831, it contained a population of 54,660 souls. Within the defences, which consist of walls, ramparts, and wet-ditches, it contains the Speicher-Insel (warehouse-island) and four other wards; its circuit is about two miles and a quarter, and it has four gates, 19 bastions, and forts or redoubts on the Hail-Stolpen and Bishop's Mounts adjoining.

It was besieged and taken by the Prussians, in May, 1793; fell after a gallant resistance, which lasted from the 7th of March to the 24th of May, 1807, into the hands of the French under Marshal Lefebvre, who was in consequence created Duke of Danzing; and it was retaken by the Prussians and Russians, who sat down before it on the 31st of December, 1812, after a brave defence by General Rapp, of 321 days. In addition to artificial difficulties, there are natural ones, against an enemy's approach, arising from the low ground which surrounds this fortress: on the west side its strength is increased by the three forts which we have just mentioned. It has an excellent harbor, protected by forts, an entrenched camp on the island of Neufahrwasser, and fort Weichsolmünde, as well as the maritime out-works in advance of the latter.

Graudenz, south of the preceding, also in Western Prussia, is a town upon a hill on the left bank of the Vistula, which, at this point, is about 1000 paces (2700 feet) in breadth, at a distance of about 267 miles east-northeast of Berlin, and in latitude 53° 29' north, and longitude 18° 45' east. The town itself is inclosed within a high wall, and has three gates. In 1831, the number of inhabitants was 5129. About half a mile to the north of the town, and upon a high hill which has the left bank of the Vistula at its feet, lies the strong fortress of the same name, the construction of which was begun by Colonel Gouzenbach in 1770, and terminated, at a considerable expense, in 1776. The interior is wholly occupied by bomb-proof buildings for the service of the place, and barracks; its object is to command the opposite bank and the navigation of the Vistula. On the Glacis stands a handsome monument, erected by his present Majesty the King of Prussia, in honor of Marshal Courbière, who defended the place with great resolution in 1807, and died four years afterwards. For the purpose of strengthening Graudenz, and more completely commanding the river, considerable out-works have been added, and fortifications have been built upon an adjacent island in the Vistula.

Thorn, another town in Western Prussia, is situated about 250 miles to the east of Berlin, and about 55 miles to the south of Danzing, in latitude 53° 1' north, and longitude 18° 37' east. It lies on the right bank of the Vistula, which is traversed by a bridge of wood 2500 feet in length, divided in the middle by the island of Batza. Its population in 1831 was 8631. Its fortifica-

tions have been rendered much more formidable by the erection of out-works in modern times. The place came into the possession of Prussia in 1793, was included in the Duchy of Warsaw between the years 1806 and 1814, and was restored to Prussia in 1815. It was the birth-place of Copernicus, the great astronomer.

MILITARY OF THE CANTON OF URI, SWITZERLAND.—The organization of the military department in this Canton is still extremely defective; for the composition of the whole contingent is changed on one and the same day, and in this way both officers and privates are acquiring the knowledge of their several duties at the same moment, excepting, and it is by mere chance, that an officer may here and there be called out who has returned from foreign service. Young men between the ages of twenty and five-and-twenty, enter the "Standing Contingent" for a period of three years, then serve as many in the Reserve, next join the "Landwehr" for another three years, and afterwards remain liable to the "Landsturm" until they have reached the age of sixty. Unless brought together for the purpose of being inspected by the officers appointed on behalf of the Confederation, they are exercised in their respective parishes by drill-sergeants, and occasionally inspected, from the spring till late in autumn; a company is taken in rotation, and does duty at Altdorf for some days on occasion of the festival annually held by the inhabitants of the Canton. The "Standing Contingent" consists of 100 sharpshooters, 125 infantry, six men for the staff duty, and as many for the baggage-train. The men clothe themselves at their own expense in the cantonal uniform; the sharpshooters in green with black facings, and the infantry in blue with red ones. The caps, stocks, and great-coats, as well as the arms, are furnished by the government, and when the men are sent home, are returned into the public store. The uniform before the revolution was blue and yellow, but few, however, went to the expense of procuring it; they considered it quite sufficient to buckle a yellow girdle round their loins. At that time of day the military were composed of twelve bands or routs, (*rotten*), each consisting of 200 rank and file, and a brace of captains. The corps was a motley troop of all ages, not much better than a levy en masse; but, after all, far superior in public spirit to the present troops, who are too much of the stripling cast.—*lb.*

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.—The National Army is to be carried to a strength of 70,000 men, if it should appear by the next census that the proportion of four soldiers in every 100 souls yields more than 67,516 combatants. The infantry is composed of 429 companies, and organized into 59 battalions of six companies each, and 15 of five each. The battalions from each Canton are kept distinct; hence the strength of these battalions, as well as of each company, is exceedingly various. Great difficulties therefore stand in the way, not only of organizing the Confederate Army, but of keeping it together when assembled.—*lb.*

AN ELEMENTARY ESSAY ON THE PRINCIPLE OF MASTING SHIPS.—By HENRY CHATFIELD.—*Davenport, 1834.*

It is always with much pleasure that we take up a publication of Mr. Chatfield's, since he touches upon no part of naval construction, or equipment, without making a valuable addition. The masting of ships is a point of the greatest importance, since the whole power of mobility depends thereupon. It is known that the most advantageous position of the masts is that from whence there results an equilibrium between the resistance of the water on the body of the ship, on one part, and of the direction of their effort on the other. The axis of the resistance of the water must, therefore, be previously determined, to discover the place of the main mast, and from that place to the other masts in coincidence,—the principal difficulty in which arises from the figure of the vessel.

Mr. Chatfield divides his essay into three sections. 1st. General observations on the true method of determining the quantity of sail a vessel is enabled to carry. 2d. An explanation of the nature and evils hitherto complained of in the royal navy, owing to the variety of dimensions made use of in the construction of masts and yards. 3d. A proposed new system of

graduating and proportioning masts, yards, sails, &c., upon fixed principles, whereby those evils may be wholly obviated. All these points are ably discussed; but as the arguments would be injured by abstract, we shall recommend the pamphlet itself to the attention of our readers, and merely submit an extract:

"Some persons imagine that certain short methods, or practical rules, may be applied to naval architecture with the same, or very nearly the same advantages, as if British naval construction were reduced to a scientific system; but that opinion can only arise from an unacquaintance with the subject. An example furnished by Chapman, will perhaps have the effect of removing such dangerous prejudices, more especially as that example might be confirmed by proof upon proof, from the signal failures that have attended English naval architecture, based, as it has been, upon practical rules alone.

"Chapman takes two cases of 74-gun ships of the same principal dimensions; those ships were of equal displacement, the same quantity of ballast, guns, height of ports above water, &c., and differing no more in form than ships of that class very often do. He calculated their stabilities and quantities of canvass with great care, and found the result to be, that while the foot of the main-top-sail of one of those ships was 89-29 feet, that of the other was only 79-0 feet; and that the main mast of one ship required to be 9-49 feet shorter than the other. Taking into account the effect produced upon the entire quantity of sail, the surface of canvass in one ship would be to the surface of canvass in the other, in the ratio of 100 to 78-27. 'Whence it follows,' says that celebrated naval architect, 'that if masts and yards for those two ships had been proportioned by 'common rules,' that either the first had got too large, or the last too small, masts and yards: wherefore it is to be concluded, that by 'practice alone' the true proportion of masts and yards cannot be found."

So striking a case as that adduced by Chapman amply illustrates the advantages of science to that branch of naval architecture which relates to the principle of masting vessels.—*lb.*

DENNETT'S ROCKETS AND MANBY'S APPARATUS.—The committee of the Lincolnshire Shipwreck Association recently made comparative trials of the respective merits of Captain Manby's mortars, and the rockets invented by Mr. Dennett, for forming the first communication with a stranded ship; the central committee having invited Captain Manby and Mr. Dennett to meet for the purpose, the operations were conducted under the guidance and approval of those gentlemen in person, and were intended to embrace the following considerations:

1st. Their portability, and the relative facility with which each can be transported from a station to assist a distant wreck, particularly in situations where horses cannot be employed.

2d. The relative ease and certainty with which the lines can be immediately recovered and hauled in, in case of firing and missing the ship.

3d. The length of range and certainty with which they can be directed to effect the desired communication.

4th. Which possesses the greatest capabilities of resisting the effects of extreme bad weather, and is most likely to be efficient, in case of becoming thoroughly wetted by the rain or sea.

The first and second considerations were not contested, but were readily conceded by Captain Manby and the committee, in favor of the rocket. A small sloop, chosen as the object of practice, was grounded on the sand, and opposite her, at the measured distance of 300 yards, a flag was placed as the station for the mortar and rocket to be fired from. The mortar fired first, with a charge of 12 oz. of powder and a shot of 38 pounds weight, to which was attached an inch line. The shot fell considerably windward of the vessel's bow (she laying nearly head to wind) effecting a range of 350 yards, but the line fell 25 feet to leeward of her stern, consequently, a communication was not effected. A rocket weighing 12½ lbs. was then fired, having the same line attached which had been previously used with the mortar, and which was now become completely saturated with water and coated with wet sand, and must have been thereby increased to more than double its former weight, and might also have

possibly been strained by the previous use with the mortar; for after running out in a most excellent direction, it broke about 50 yards short of the vessel; the rocket passing just to windward of her mast-head, and then ranging on to a great distance; so that had not the line parted, it was quite certain that the communication would have been gained. A second rocket was then fired with a line stowed in the chest, which is part of its proper equipment, but the case of this rocket unfortunately gave way, from an imperfection in the joint, owing to a deficiency of brazing. A third rocket, attached to the same line in the chest, was now fired, and effected the communication in the most beautiful manner imaginable, laying the line over the vessel's cross-trees, and producing a range of 384 yards. The communication being thus gained, the operation of conveying the men from the vessel to the shore, by means of a hawse secured to the mast-head, and an anchor on the beach, was put in practice, and the men conveyed to and from the vessel several times, which excited the greatest interest and admiration amongst the numerous spectators, and fully demonstrated the important value of an effective means of gaining a first communication, the object of which persons at a distance from the sea do not in general understand.

A new position was now selected with a view to ascertain the greatest practicable ranges. Three hundred yards were measured along the sand, and two poles fixed at about 100 feet apart, to represent the length of a vessel. The first mortar was loaded with 12 oz. of powder and a 35 lb. shot attached to a large line weighing 58 lbs. to 150 fathoms in length, and effected a range of 300 yards. This communication may be considered as made, though the shot could have but barely reached the object. The first rocket, 12½ lbs. weight, with an inch line attached, gave way in consequence of the lead blowing out, as did also the second. Second mortar, loaded as before, with a small line attached, broke the line, and shot lost. Third rocket, with a small line, broke the line and ranged away to a great distance. This rocket was immersed in a tub of water a considerable time before it was fired. Third mortar, loaded as before, with a small line, but larger than the above, and a different make, ranged 441 yards, taking the whole of the line away without breaking. Fourth mortar loaded as before, and a larger line, broke the line close to the tide-strop. A fourth rocket, weighing eight pounds, was then fired into the sea without a line, which ranged most magnificently to an immense distance. Five o'clock having arrived, with hard rain, and the flowing tide beginning to cover the scene of operation, the experiments were discontinued.—*United Service Gazette.*

SUB-MARINE OPERATIONS.—Mr. Deane has been lately visiting in his diving apparatus, the hulls of vessels which have been wrecked in Torbay. Amongst others he paid a visit to the Venerable, 84, that was wrecked off Goodrington Sands in the year 1804; part of her has been hauled up by the South head of Torquay pier, and her timbers are found to be completely honey-combed. A vessel, it will be recollected, sunk some time since between three and four miles off the bar at Teignmouth. Mr. Deane has descended into her for the purpose of raising her, and has succeeded in getting up a great part of the rigging, &c., and it is expected he will eventually raise her hull. Her present situation renders the navigation of the channel extremely dangerous.—*United Service Gazette.*

Several letters from Smyrna make mention of a highly tragic occurrence, reported to have taken place in the port of Suda, in Candia. A dispute having arisen between some sailors of the English brig of war Childers, and men forming part of the crew of two Egyptian brigs, who had been sent ashore to fetch water; an officer was sent to request the Egyptian commander to inquire into the matter, and to punish the aggressors. A warm altercation arose, during which one of the commanders drew his pistol and killed the English officer on the spot. Exasperated by so outrageous and barbarous an act, the commanding officer of the Childers ordered his men to prepare for action, and sent notice to the Egyptian brigs, that if within a quarter of an hour the individual who had killed his lieutenant was not hanged, he would treat them as enemies. This delay having expired without the satisfaction he claimed being given, he ordered to fire. Our brave tars di-

rected their shots with so much skill and precision that, within an hour, both brigs sunk amidst their huzzas. The Childers is said to have suffered considerably during the action, and also from the fire of the fortress, while getting through the mouth of the harbor, that it will be difficult for her to reach Malta.—*Ibid.*

A NEW LIGHT-HOUSE.—The following notice has been communicated by the French Government to the British Ambassador at Paris, relative to a new light-house which has been established at Cayeux, in the department of the Somme: "Notice is hereby given to mariners, that from the 1st of December next, the fixed light of the old turret of Cayeux, situated near and to the south of the mouth of the Somme (50° 11' 30" latitude, and 50° west longitude,) will be done away with, and its place supplied by an alternating light, which will turn throughout the night, upon the tower recently constructed at 80 metres to the S. E. of the old light-house. The new light will be fixed at 28 metres above the high equinoctial tides. The intense light will last from eight to ten seconds, and at intervals of four minutes. The less brilliant light in the intervals will be preceded and followed by very short eclipses. It may be seen in clear weather at a distance of five marine leagues. This new light-house will easily be distinguished from that of Ailly, on which the succession of the intense light takes place with three times the rapidity, and separated by total eclipses. It may be observed, also, that the small lights at the entrance of the port of Dieppe, five miles east of the Ailly light-house, will help to remove any chance of mistake."

Extract from Steel's List.

ESTABLISHED RANK OF OFFICERS IN THE BRITISH NAVY AND ARMY.—Admiral of the Fleet with Field Marshals; Admirals with Generals; Vice-Admirals with Lieutenant-Generals; Rear-Admirals with Major-Generals; Commodores and First-Captains to Commander-in-Chief, with Brigadier-Generals; Captains, three years post, with Colonels; other Post Captains with Lieutenant-Colonels; Commanders with Majors; Lieutenants with Captains; Masters, Surgeons, and Purser, with Captains in the army and Lieutenants in the navy: the two latter being subordinate only to the Lieutenants of the ships wherein they are employed; Dispensers of naval hospitals with Lieutenants in the navy and Captains in the army; Assistant-Surgeons with Lieutenants in the line, Ensigns in the Guards, and junior Lieutenants in the cavalry.

FRENCH NAVY.—The French Minister of Marine, considering that difficulties sometimes arise about sending back to their own country seamen not natives of Europe, who have completed their engagements with the marine and have quitted the service, has determined that no person born out of Europe shall be taken into his Majesty's naval service, and that officers commanding his Majesty's ships of war, shall no longer engage such persons except in case of absolute necessity, and when some vacancies in the crews of their vessels require to be filled up, which must be clearly certified to his department by the commanding officers, if they should have been obliged to engage such individuals.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF YOUTHFUL ENTERPRIZE.—We have been informed, on the best authority, of the following singular instance of youthful enterprize and perseverance. Mr. Chas. Howard Ashworth, the fourth surviving son of the late Mr. Ashworth, the barrister of Manchester, somewhat more than three years ago, was suddenly missed by his family, who heard no tidings of him for several months. He was then only 17 years of age; and it being known that he had but a few pounds in his pocket, and the cholera raging violently at the time in Liverpool, where he was last seen, many fears were entertained that he had been suddenly hurried off by that fatal disorder among strangers, who, for some reason or other, might conceal it from his friends. He was in the habit, whenever he received fresh pocket money, of travelling on foot to every remarkable place within his reach, and on such occasions used to seek out the cheapest lodgings, consistent with cleanliness, in order to make his funds carry him as far as possible—his

habit would naturally strengthen the possibility of the fate suspected. They still, however, entertained the hope, from a knowledge of his early passion for travel, and of his constant companions, Bruce, Park, Captain Head, Lander, and other worthies, that he might be gone on some long excursion. This at length proved true. A letter was received from the banks of the Missouri, in North America, stating that he had proceeded so far on his projected journey; but since leaving civilized parts had been utterly without money. He has since, without the means being afforded his family of sending him any supplies, from the utter uncertainty of his position at any given time, travelled, chiefly on foot, as far as Fort Louis, Upper Missouri—visited Lake Michigan—joined a company of fur traders—passed over the continent of North America—gone down the coast, in company with Capt. Stewart, for 200 miles—and embarked from the mouth of the Columbia, whence he reached Honolulu, one of the Sandwich islands in the Pacific, and was heard from through the brig Eagle, lately arrived from that quarter. On one occasion he travelled through an utterly wild and uncultivated country, with only a few poor Indians of the Sioux tribe, on foot, 500 miles, dependent on their own resources, even for a meal, and suffered the greatest possible hardships. He says in the last letter, received by his eldest brother, the Rev. T. A. Ashworth, that what are called the savage and blood-thirsty children of the desert, have ever been most kind to him, and in their wigwags he has chiefly slept, at their simple board most commonly eaten, and been welcome without money and without price; but that frequently also he has had the wilderness for his couch, and the desert air for his supper. Should it please God to bring him back again, an account of his travels must prove most interesting.—*Manchester Chronicle.*

A letter, received from Genoa at Lloyd's, of the 1st Oct., has the following: "In consequence of some misunderstanding between the Portuguese Government and the King of Sardinia, this Government has given orders to fit out immediately the ships of war. The cholera continues to decrease in this city."

The long contested and lucrative post of Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, left vacant by Marshal Mortier's death, has been awarded to Marshal Gerard.

Report states that Rear-Admiral Sir C. Adam will vacate his seat as a Lord of the Admiralty, and will succeed Sir G. Cockburn in the command of the West India and Halifax station.

ARMY.

On the mutual application of the parties, 1st Lieut. Simonton, of the Dragoons, is transferred from company H to company K; and 1st Lieut. Izard, of the same corps, from company K to company H.

First Lieut. W. R. Montgomery, 3d infantry, ordered to relieve 2d Lieut. Thomas Cutts, on recruiting service, at Pittsburg; three months leave of absence granted to Lieut. C. on being relieved, at the expiration of which he will report for duty at the recruiting depot, Newport, Kentucky.

Schr. Felicity, from New York, bound up St. Johns with U. S. stores for Fort King, was wrecked on the 1st instant on St. John's bar; crew and part of the cargo saved, vessel total loss.

Brevet 2d Lieutenants W. K. Hanson, W. H. Griffin, and J. M. Wells, of the 7th Infantry, arrived at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 27th ult., on their way to Fort Gibson.

Brevet Brig. Gen. A. Eustis, Col. of the 1st regiment of artillery, has established his headquarters at Charleston, S. C., and assumed the command of the U. S. troops in that harbor.

Col. Long, of the U. S. corps of Topographical Engineers, has just commenced the examination of the principal routes for the contemplated railroad from Concord to Nashua, N. H.

Capt. Galt's company C, 4th artillery, embarked from Fortress Monroe, in the schr. J. W. Kempton, Capt. Bedell, and sailed for the garrison of Fort Hamilton.

RESIGNATION.

1st Lieut. Z. J. D. Kinsley, 3d Art'y, to take effect 1st December, 1835.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 10.

General Wool, Inspector General of the U. S. Army, arrived in this city on Friday last, in the steamer *Dolphin*, from Beaufort, (N. C.) and after inspecting the troops and fortifications in this harbor, proceeded south, via the rail road, to Augusta, yesterday morning.—*Courier.*

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

At Charleston S. C., Nov. 6, per Steampacket *Dolphin*, from Norfolk, Br. Gen. J. E. Wool, Inspector Gen. U. S. A.

Nov. 7, per Steampacket *South Carolina*, from Norfolk, Gen. A. Eustis, Major J. S. Lytle, Paymaster, and Dr. B. F. Nourse, of the Army.

Nov. 11, per Steampacket *Columbia*, from New York, Lieut. R. P. Parrott, of the army.

NAVY.

The U. S. Frigate *Constitution*, Commodore Elliott, left Gibraltar for Mahon on the 18th Sept.

The *Vandalia*, Capt. Webb, touched at Havana on the 26th ult. and was spoken the next day.

The *St. Louis*, Capt. Rousseau, from Pensacola, on a cruise, was spoken 8th, inst. in lat 31 40, long 73 33, by the schr. *Lady Elizabeth*, McGregor, at Norfolk.

Extract of a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, from Com. ALEX. S. WADSWORTH, dated

"CALLAO BAY, July 20, 1835.

"By a vessel going immediately to Valparaiso, I barely have time to inform you of the intended departure to-morrow, of the *Vincennes*, on her return to the United States, by way of India.

"That Ship is now fully manned and officered, and in good condition.

"I have the pleasure to add that the squadron is healthy, and that there is no unusual sickness in any of the ships."

The following is a list of the officers of the *Vincennes*, on the 20th of July, 1835:

John H. Aulick, *Commander*.
John A. Carr, Theo. Bailly, Robert L. Browning,
John S. Misson, Joseph Larman, *Lieutenants*.

Samuel P. Lee, *Act'g do.*

Augustus A. Adey, *Surgeon*.

J. C. Palmer, *Assistant Surgeon*.

Edward T. Dunn, *Purser*.

A. H. Gillespie, *2d Lieut. of Marines*.

Theo. P. Greene, *Acting Sailingmaster*.

William A. Jones, A. G. Clary, Wm. A. Parker, John C. Henry, John Carroll, John Hall, George Butterfield, Hunn Gansevoort, James L. Hannegan, Washington Gwathmey, James Biddle, C. R. P. Rodgers, *Midshipmen*.

James S. Ridgely, *Boy, Acting Midshipman*.

John Morris, *Boatswain*, Charles Cobb, *Gunner*, Henry P. Leslie, *Carpenter*, Henry Bacon, *Sailmaker*.

MARRIAGE.

At the Choctaw Agency, west, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Worcester, Lt. G. J. RAINS, of the 7th U. S. infantry, to Miss MARY JANE McCLELLAN, daughter of the late Maj. Wm. McCLELLAN, formerly of the U. S. Army, and more recently Choctaw Agent.

DEATHS.

At Charleston, S. C., on the second inst. Mr. MARKS LAZARUS, in the 79th year of his age. He was an actor in some of the eventful scenes of the revolution and earned the distinction of a single minded and zealous patriot.

At Natchitoches, Louisiana, on the 15th of September last, WILLIAM J. SEVER, Esq., aged 42. Mr. Sever was a native of Worcester, Mass., a Lieutenant in the army during the last war, and subsequently for several years, consul of the United States at Santa Martha, in South America.

In Granville County, N. C., on the 28th ult. Mr. THOMAS PARHAM, aged 75, a soldier of the Revolution. Near Fayetteville, N. C., on the 3d inst. Col. SAMUEL ASHE, in the 76th year of his age. Col. Ashe early embarked in the service of his country, during the Revolutionary war; as an officer, he was meritorious and deservedly popular—in his social relations, he was kind, indulgent and most affectionate.